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The Inmate

The Voice of the Inmate

4th of July

A Prison Publication

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MP NEWS

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THE M. P. NEWS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTANA STATE PRISON, DEER LODGE, MONTANA, WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE WARDEN AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION. THIS PUBLICATION SERVES TO GIVE THE INMATE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND TO PROMOTE BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN PRISONERS AND PUBLIC. THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE THE WRITERS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION. EXCEPT AS OTHERWISE NOTED, PERMISSION FOR REPUBLICATION OF MATERIAL IS GRANTED. A COPY OF THE REPRODUCTION WOULD BE APPRECIATED. ADDRESS ALL MAIL, SUBSCRIPTION OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO: THE EDITOR, M. P. NEWS, BOX 7, DEER LODGE, MONTANA 59722.

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STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	22 633	Low Number	14 550
Population Inside	265	Rothe Hall	14?
Womans' Quarters	7	Ranches	1?
Misc. Trusties	8	Total Count	448
		On Leave	1

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The Editors desk

For me to try and get right down and try to express the feelings of the incarcerated in any prison cell anywhere, is virtually an impossibility; for you would have to live as we live, do as we do, in order to fully comprehend the life of a convict and his cell. There is however, a way for a convict to try an express his own opinion on paper and I'm going to do my very best, as this is my own personal view of our living quarters - The CELL.

In any institution in the country, the Prison cells are the loniest, the coldest, and the most inhuman fixtures ever conceived for any living creature. There never was an animal in any zoo or park, allowed so little space and guarded so tightly. An ape, or a lion cage, is not - nearly so solid and small.

But, I don't think that neither one of these animals could live in a prison cell. Not like the human, either of them would soon kill themselves - against these thick concrete walls.

With a man, it takes a little longer. He is supposed to be intelligent supposed to be able to do his own thinking, he is supposed to be in better control of his emotions. But any man, anywhere, reaches a saturation point; a dead end street, beyond which there are only two trails, two choices.

I have reached this point, and how! I am sick and tired of apeing the dress of a thousand others, of being a product of the state multilith machine. I have been cut too long by the honed and the biting edge of censorship; of my every thought and actions, and the written expressions to my family and friends. I am so tired of the soul-numbing and animalizing routine of the bell-ringing; to meals, to work, to get - up, of working without reward, of being told, told, told, and never doing something because I want to do it.

Then like an animal, I am sent from this, and to that cage by my keeper, to do the animal functions that make up the rest of my prison day. Then like an animal, I must go to bed each night when the jungle is still and quite, because there is nothing else left to do when the stomach has been filled.

It's a down-right miracle why man doesn't come from prison more savage than an ape or lion, and it's no wonder, a few of them do. I am not yet, one of them. Maybe in time, I probably would be. But that, I don't want!

I've had about all I can stand of this prison. I would like a period longer then just a few hours to visit my family; when I choose, and the way I choose. To be able to choose my own kind of living quarters; something besides this cage in which I have been living in, and to live out of it, rather than spend sixteen solid hours a day - living in it.

As plain an lonely prison cells are, they soon assume the personalities of their owner after a few years, with his personal touches here and there. Makeshift bookcases and photo frames, are about all that they have to brighten up their cage. And then, there are some that are plain like mine; with no personalizing touches whatsoever, because it is a barred box and can never be anything else to me. I hate it! In fact, I hate it with a fierce passion! These cage-like bars, mock the freedom that I once possessed so dearly.

I am a believer now, that once the man who lives as a criminal, breaking laws, will eventually spend the better part of his life in a cage like mine.

I am tired, tired, just sick and tired, and I want out - for <u>good</u>!

I could go on and on, but I believe my point has been made by now. But how come, now just how come, I never felt this a-way when I was in prison before. Geez! I must have been a knot-head, I did feel this way and never even realized it. It must take me longer than others: Apparently, much much, much, longer!

Before, I didn't give a tinker's tinker for anybody. I didn't care who I hurt, as long as I got my checks cashed. I always tried a different angle, never considering that I'd ever get caught again. But it just doesn't happen that way, because I got caught everytime. And I will continue to be caught, if I keep up this life of crime. These odds are getting just a

little bit of his free me to tackle anymore.

But, the animalizing routine of a prison is not the only factor to be thought of here and now. The consequences are always hard. I can blame judges, county attorneys, and cops, all I want too; but they only executed my command.

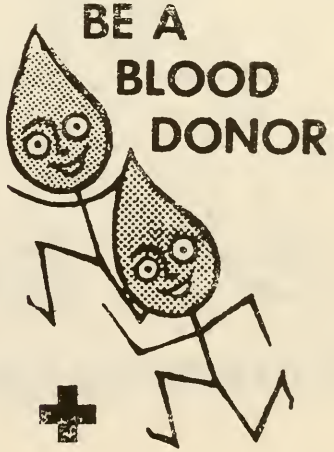
No matter how we got ourselves into a barred concrete box; the tough and hard fact is - that we got ourselves into it. We know by now that these cages will outlast us; we can't wear them out. They were here when we came into this world and their going to be here long after we're dead. These cages were not built for any special person; they are impersonal and they will accept anyone. They silently absorb your emotions, hold your frustrations, and then - cause suicides. These cages serve their purpose well. This concrete and steel in my cell have no conscience. It makes no difference if a man is old, young, ugly, handsome, nationality makes no difference either, red yellow, white,black, guilty or innocent;this cell plays no favorite.

When I was younger, I just couldn't believe that people could spend so much time in a cell. But, they have - I've already spent over eleven years in one.

Now, I have to think of the time when I will be fifty, and I don't want to be in one of these cages then. Where there is no future, or retirement plan. Nobody cares about you when you're fifty, and caged off from society. You're all alone Buddy; as good as dead. And they'll bury you you upon the hill, just out side of Deer Lodge. No tomb stone - just a marker. I don't want four priosn officers lowering my remains into a hole in the ground. Like when somebody's pet dog or cat dies; throw his carcass with the city garbage and forget about him.

I won't be needing a court-appointed lawyer anymore. They can find themselves another sucker, who thinks he is one hell'uva thief or a forgerer. Cages are for animals and the like, and I've been an animal long enough!! (mutt)

Let's not stop now.



Our Lonely One's

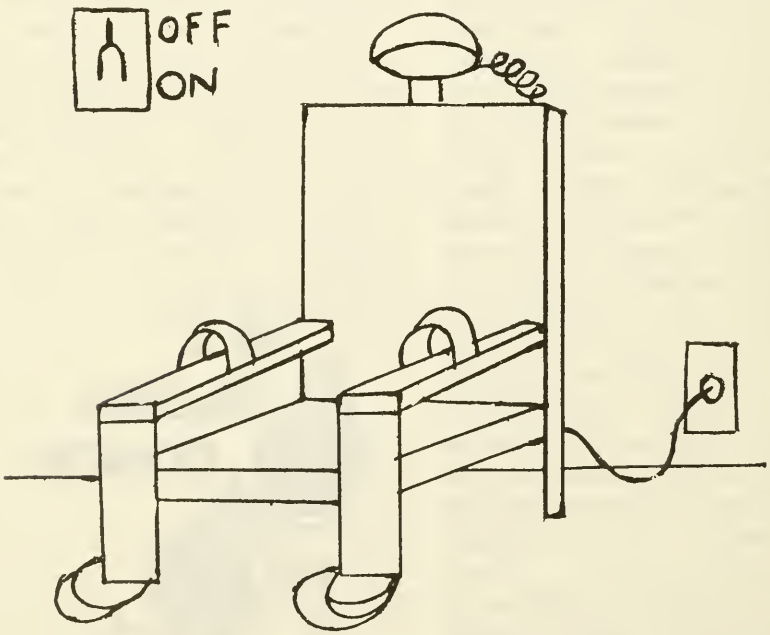
E.A.L.

Night is upon us now
Here in this darker sphere
The winds are whispering
Softly and endear
Us to the other
Who he waits
In the loniless of solitude
For the Day
When he is free again.

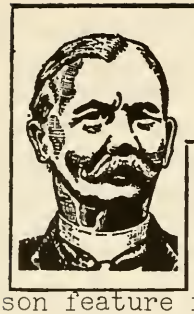
To live and love and be
Part of the society
From whence he came
Before he make his mistake
In his early years.

In ignorance
He's paid the price
God grant him leave
He learned his lesson
He now knows right
And should not grieve
For time lost
In solitude.

It is lost and gone
But his life lives on
And because of love
It is wonderful now
And nothing is lost
Because everything is gained.



YOU CAN BE SURE IF IT'S WESTINGHOUSE!



Nightkeeper

Published weekly in the Spectator, inmate written and edited newspaper at Southern Michigan Prison, Nightkeeper's Report has been acclaimed the most widely printed prison feature in the nation's 190 member Penal Press. Penned in neat Spencerian script by Nightkeeper John H. Purves in the 1880's, the day-to-day reports chronicled occurances within the dark and gloomy comfines of the prison. Today the reports are dust laden, worn and fragile. But entries abound in a crisply written and entertaining report of nights behind bars.

AUGUST 2 -The supreme perversity of some men is enough to try the patience of an angel. Such an uncouth rowdy, for instance, as McDonald No. 396, who was reported by Guard Dodge for disobendience, insolence and proganity. When advised by his shop foreman that he should be more careful in the matter of breaking barrels, McDonald is reported to have retorted: "What the hell have you got to holler about? I'm doing my work, ain't I?" Foreman Towne says that No. 396, has acted in a contrary manner and has gone about work with a mean, cross disposition for several days. Once, the foreman says, he picked up a barrel and threw it across the shop, causing no little congusion and uproar. When upbraided by the foreman,No. 396, struck a bellicose attitude indicating that he was in a mocd for trouble, and shouted: "Stay away from me, barrelhead!" The foreman says that he tried with considerable patience to reason with the fellow, but had no sooner turned on his heal than No. 396, was up to his old deviltry again. This time he walked over to the windlass and deliberately smashed a stave. Again rebuffed by the foreman, he said with a surly snarl: "How in hell is a man going to windlass a barrel without splitting the staves?" The foreman says he greatly fears that No. 396's conduct as above related is setting a bad example for the rest of the shop and might greatly impair future disciplining efforts. By order of the Deputy Warden, No. 396 was chalked in his cell for a period of 10 days, will all lights, reading and correspondence suspended for that lenght of time.

AUGUST 3 -But tonight it is different again. Carey, sho was interested in the Rozin and others' battle of words the night before last, renewed the talk about Rozin comparing himself with the President. Then Carey, who seemingly knows little about anything other than being a thorn in my side, brought in the name of the late assassinated ex-President Garfield. Although Garfield was shot only last year Carey doesn't seem to know this, and spoke of the man as if he were still alive. In fact, Carey says he will have his family get out to vote for Garfield when we hold our nest National election. Carey, Willets and Moorman, who sided in with them and shoo'd the others on, were chalked in, which I suspected is what they aimed at anyway. I sometimes wondered too, if they dom't turn away from their daytime duties, so that they might have capers and verbal broadsides to fire at us during the night.

AUGUST 4 -NO. 1257, Cloti, who thinks nothing of calling a guard or anyone else the vilest kind of name, looked me squarely in the eye and asked to recommend him to serve Mass. After I caught my breath, he set me back again by asking if No. 2871, Underwood, be also recommended to serve with him as Alter boy. Maybe Cloti's recent excapading, dousing himself with water, will be submitted to me as evidence that he Cloti, was practicing baptizing himself. Where in Heaven's name these convicts get their curious bland expressions, is beyond me. Much as I've overseen them, I find it hard to keep abreast of their curious notions; and often wonder if I really do.

AUGUST 5 -We have a brusque newcomer names Bush, a youthful man who from his first day proved to be a cross grained spirit who will brook no guidance and disregards the notion of control. I have had a talk with him, as you will see by the marginal note; and almost at once has to place him in the dark cell and board up the door to smother his yelling. I see he is trying to ape the older men as almost every youngster does; and in this case, with bullnecked stubborness. Guard Warner reported two strangers approached the front gate at 4.am. Apparently they were transiets and looking for a place to sleep. Then they saw the guard's rifle and were challanged they fled in terror.

AUGUST 6 -Mainly, the convicts were orderly during the night. However, No.2800 Dodd, was disturbed. This man,

as previously reported, thinks offcenter a good deal. Tonight he asked why the Warden won't see him anymore. Says he hasn't been able to see the Warden for over two months. Says he has "several things of importance" to take up. Also says "they" are down on me. Incidently, he's still tinkering with "his" invention, "a cotton-gin that will turn out real gin. Dodd grows more impulsive in all his actions, as time goes. Moves about as if he is eternally running to a fire.

AUGUST 7 -Except for No. 1324 Aye, all has been quiet tonight. Aye said to Guard Dietwyler: "Wish you'd slit my gizzard. They work a man all day, and then shut him up in this hole all night." Mr. Dietwyler and myself suspect that, in Aye, we have a candidate for the asylum sooner or later.

AUGUST 8 -No adverse comments on tonight, except that I thought I heard snoring somewhere near the gurad's desk. However, or tiptoeing, I found Guard Dickens awake, albeit looking a mite drowsy. He said he, too, heard the sound, and felt it came from the cell occipied by No. 2340, Insman. Since we gave Insman some fit Medicine, pen doctor's orders, which was labled chloral hydrate and is a sedative, we found Insman to be wide awake and complaining sleeplessness. I guess the snoring came from some other source.

AUGUST 9 -Convict Ryce, No 334, was reported this evening for talking in the Cigar Contract shop. He has been twice reported before this and let off with a reprimand. Rice is a very stubborn fellow and has often been taken to taks with the bat for disobedience of rules and his Keeper's orders. He seems determined to do as he pleases without regard to consequence. The convict was taken to the west end of the West Wing he was ladled twelve bats on the tender part of his anatomy, in accordance with the Deruty Warden's orders.

AUGUST 10 -With the exception of some noise from Carey which is not unusual as he is a bit off in thehead, the prisoners have all been quiet and orderly until 4:30 this morning when there was quite a flurry of noise coming from the convicts in the West Wing. What caused the sudden commotion I do not know, but I let the convicts know that anymore of their infernal racket and their Thanksgiving meal would be cut off. They seem to understand language that aims at their bellies, because there has been no further noise from the West Wing. There

isn't any indication of snow in the air, and I believe we may have a green Thanksgiving.

AUGUST 19 -While making my rounds of the grounds this evening I came upon two convicts, No. 804, Wilson and No. 1105, Riley, back of the lumber pile talking without permission. According to the Cabinet Shop keeper, Wilson had been sent to the Idle Shop twenty minutes early. Wilson is an old timer wise in his ways as a prisoner, and constantly in hot water. Riley is one of the newcomers and not too bright. I suspect some funny business but can't put my finger on it.

AUGUST 20 -This has been an extremely quiet night with in the prison. I have kept an extra watch on the West Wing, as per instructions, but as yet have detected no indication of trouble. By your order Warden, Murray No. 57, was this evening punished with five lashes in presence of the physician of the prison for talking and singing in his cell. According to convicts who heard Murray, his singing was brutal.

AUGUST 21 - As the work line was halted yesterday, Mckinney, No. 513, who was reported by guard Dodge a few days ago for abusive language, held up his hand and asked permission to leave the ranks, stepping up close to guard Dodge, with his chin jutting out belligerantly, he snarled: "You damn squealer! I've got a notion to knock you up to a peak and knock the peak off. I don't like squealers, see?" Guard Dodge's report follows: "I told him to get vakc in line and that I would have to report him again. No sooner had I said it than the convict struck me in the face with is fist and caught hold of me. We clinched and commenced a furious scuffle. Keeper Lewis rushed up and tried to halt the struggle. He received a solid belt on the ear. Another convict struck me on the neck from behind, and Mckinney ran away." The following is the report of Keeper Lewis: "Upon going to the shop this morning I saw No. 513, Mckinney, standing in front of Guard Dodge. He was talking excitedly and moving his arms in a threatening manner. A moment later the convict struck the guard several times. I went to where the men were scuffling an ordered No. 513, to desist. He paid no attention and kept flailing at the guard. I then, struck him with my cane. He released his hold on the guard, and whirling swiftly, hit me beside the head. Then he jumped back and picked up a barral stave with the apparent intention of clouting me

with it. Again I struck him with my cane, this time on the head. At that he retreated a distance and picked up an axe. Keeping a reasonable distance from Guard Dodge and me, he threatened to drive the axe clear through me if I came any nearer. Dodge dispatched a man for the Deputy Warden while we held the convict at bay. No. 513 was taken to the Hall Office by the Deputy Warden and locked in a bare cell. By order of the Deputy Warden, he was later taken to the west end of the West Wing and given 48 bats in the presence of the physician.

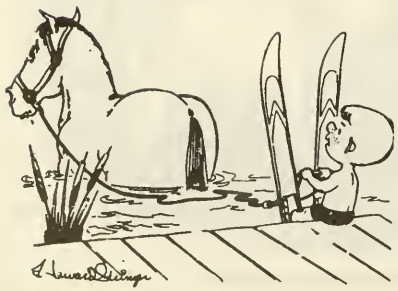
"Personally, I wish the whole world were Jewish."

AS I STEPPED THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS —

by Luckenbach

As I stepped through the looking-glass
they immediately put my mind in a personal-property box
across the street somewhere in Limbo
instructing me
Shave everyday, give blood and walk slowly
single file
'cause as long as you're in step everything's okey
offering me a dubious meal of rehabilitation
take all you want, but eat all you take
and kindly turn in your utensils as you leave
thank you

A kindly walrus firnaly tipped me off
Turn everything you hear upside down and shake it
you'd be amazed at what comes out
and handed me a piece of self-pity which I hungrily devoured
Now wash it down with bitterness ard
seriously contemplate your shadow for the next few years
who knows
some of this might be real.



• "Giddy up!"

• "Hurry up and get done with that stuff, Slim. I gotta slick-up for my date in town tonight."

Are We Qualified?

E.R. Harvey

Since the year of nineteen fifty-four, when I began my career in the selling field dealing directly with the public, I began to learn about people from all walds of life. I was trained under a man that had been in this field for a good number of years and knew about what he was doing, most of the time. From the very beginning this man told me in order to be successful in this field you must learn all you can about people, most os all: the things that dominate and motivate people to act. The more you learn this about people,the more you can control the interview and cause them to act in about the way you want them to. This is a continous study that has no end to it; and because of this fast, fast, world that we are living in today this final decision how people will react in a given situation becomes more complicated.

It is very difficult to predict just what a person will do in a situation because the stimilus is always changing, therefore changing the reaction to it. About the time you think you have an individual motivated to the point to where you think you know exactly what he will do next, he will jump the other way.

I certainly would not want the responsibility that the Parole Board has on their shoulders, when they make the final decision on an individual, whether or not to release a man back into society, whether or not he will repeat his activities that got him sent here to begin with, and the responsibility of taking the chance of hurting the individual's loved ones that are waiting for the day for him to be released. Plus the fact, their decision may harm the individual beyond repair for the rest of their entire life. Plus the fact, that the accusations and decisions could have been manufactured. In the next few pages I will try to point to some of the reasons why I do not believe anyone can predict precisely how an individual will react to a particular situation now, tomorrow, or next year.

Only a person trained in Penology, psychology, psychiatry, and psychopathology, are among those qualified to make this very complicated decision and sometimes they

are very much in doubt to the authenticity of their decision.

Since the begining of time, man has been interested in himself, and has always attempted to find answers to questions concerning the whys and hows of experience and conduct. He has tried to understand his own impulses, feelings, strivings, and acts. Because of mere curiosity or for more practical reasons, he has attempted to estimate the ability and personality characteristics of himself and of other people. Most people have opinions, beliefs, and explanations of the motives that impel individuals to work or not to work, to fall in love or to hate, to buy or not to buy. They find reasons for the differences in ability to learn quickly or slowly, to achieve success or to fail. The subject matter is the same as has engaged the mind of man ever since he began to thind about himself, but the methods are different. As long as there have been thinking men, there have been attempts to understand the nature of man himself and the meaning of his activities. This interest has held a long history. For the first thousand years or so A.D. there was little advance in ideas about man, his nature, and his conduct. Way back in 1879 Professor W. Wundt founded in Germany the first psychological laboartory in which experiments were conducted with the behavior of man as the subject matter. The progress of scientific psychology from that time has been both rapid and fruitful. But the scientific method of attack on the problems are different from ordinary methods of popular speculation and opinions. They attempt to understand the world in which we live and ourselves and other people as part of the world. The task of psychology is to discover the general laws that explain the behavior of living organism; and the most important living organism is,of course man himself. All living is adjusting. The individual is continually subjected to stimulation and by such responses adjusting to his world. This continual adjustment constitutes the activity of the individual during his lifetime. Psychologists study everything that the individual does and experiences; and as scientists they have adopted the principle that everything has cause, and that if they search long enough, are able to find the reasons for any activity. The ultimate aim of any science is to be able to predict events with some degree of certainty and thus control those events. They are

seeking to discover what particular conditions produce a given type of activity, so that eventually the psychologist will be able to control and direct human activity by controlling these conditions. For exanple, if we know the cause of the emotions of fear, we could prevent fear by manipulating the conditions in such a way that the adequat causes of fear would be absent. Our every day thought is full of opinions, biases, beliefs, and ideas, which although their origins are lost in the dim past, we are willing to defend vigorously. Scientific method is merely the use of procedures that ensure that observations and conclusions are reliable and accurate. This is not a very simple matter to ensure that observations of human activities are complete and accurate. It is a well known fact that the ordinary observer is very inaccurate. Experiments have demonstrated that even with ordinary precautions, the observations of a number of individuals of the same event vary greatly. The evidence of wittnesses of an automobile accident in police court often indicate this clearly. Psychologists is university classes have staged some little dramatic event, such as a quarrel, before the class and then after the event tested their observation of it. They were asked to answer some simple questions of fact and to write out a full account of what they saw and heard. No account included all the essential facts; most of the accounts omitted as much as half of the important items; and many of the statements made were erroneous. Accurate observation is difficult and requires as many safeguards as it is possible to arrange. Observers must also be such as to remove all prejudice and bias. For example, everybody knows that red-haired individuals are likely to be more hot tempered than others. This knowladge or prejudice, makes it impossible for an individual to observe activity in a reliable way; for when he sees a red-headed person, he expects him to be firery and ready to fly into a hot temper at any slight provacation and this expectation colors all his observations of that individual so that he either sees what he expects to see or fails to notice that his expectations do not come true. This can affect the decision on any individual; the build of the person, shape of his head,or his choice of job.

Common sense, or what everybody knows is continually being supplemented and sometimes flatly contridicted as

the results of systematic observations, controlled experiments, and case histories gathered in psychological labartories, hospitals, schools, factories, and other places become known. New light on the reason for what we do and think and feel has helped to free us from the entanglement of prejudice and superstition. The basic function of the psychologist is to gather rdiable information about the individual,to organize and interpret this information, and make it available for use in practical life situations. The information must be understood by the individual if he is to benefit from it. Instead he is kept in the dark; the information is gathered usually by some individual not qualified to gather relaible information or is he qualified to interpret the gathered information, such as it is. He doesn't take in to consideration the information could be wrong; he doesn't think of the people he may be hurting for the rest of their short lives. He would rather gather information from anyone that will talk to him about the individual (preferably all bad information he can gather because that is what he is looking for) then return and make his uneducated account, how this person will react under a given situation. When a physicist discovers how radio waves behave, an engineer can incorporate this knowledge into a receiving set which can be used by anyone who knows which knob to turn. But when the psychologist discovers important things about human behavior it is not possible to provide a gadget. To be able to predict what success and individual will achieve in life or in any occupation we need to know something about his established habits, his organic condition, and what he happens to be doing at that time. Before we attempt to answer this very complicated question about the prediction of particular responses it is necessary to know something about the kinds of influences that affect and direct human activity. Fixed ideas, opinions, beliefs and habits of thought, must also be considered in any attempt to account for the varieties of human conduct. Besides all these there is also the great complexity of stimuli in a situation. These stimuli are always changing, thus changing the situation and the individuals response to it. We act differently in different situations the same stimulus producing different responses, depending on whether we are in church or at the club or at school or at home or in someone else's house. Thus, the

objective environment produces a "set", or readiness to respond in a particular way. It is very difficult to predict what an individual will do in any given situation. Did the individual that looked into your life, before you came here, really know you? Was he qualified to give his account of the "whys" of your past and maybe of your future? Are We Qualified!

"No need to shake her down Roger, she's not hiding anything."

(Reprinted from the Eye)

The Old Man

Albert P. Calflooking

"Hey, old fella! Do you know that guy way over yonder? The young looking guy, who just walks around in a circle, making signs and talking to himself."

"Yeah, I have knwon him for many years."

"Well, what seems to be bugging him? Is he nuts or something?"

"No, I wouldn't say he's crazy - he's dead."

"Dead? Look, you gotta be kidding! See, he's still walking around, and breathing!"

"No, I'm not kidding you one bit - he's dead. I know, because I remember him from the good old days. It seems like yesterday. Yep, it sure does - now that I think about it. I remembered him when he was a happy-go-lucky man, and full of laughter; he was so full of hope for the future; and the great plans he had for his wife and kids when he got out of here. But,that was years ago, my friend, and since then, he died."

"Aw! Come off of that, old fella! How could a human being be dead and still be walking around?"

"Easy there youngster, lets not get too dog-gone squirrely, and I'll tell you all about it. I remember the very day - that half of him died. You see, for many a winter, he faught a very desperate battle to try and keep his family together. But, the winters just seem to drag on; many hopeless winters of existing on ink-stained letters with, 'I love you's', until the prolonged, despairing situation ended love - and then he died - a little at a time. It seems that half of him died then, but the other half; still clung tightly to the Corvict's old Prayer - Someday.

Then slowly but surly, even the promise of eventual freedom passed away. Even the hope for a future withered and melted like a snowflake and blew away in Prison's constant Siberia. He then, became infected. A malignant thing began to eat at his insides, and now he's just plum empty of everything. Even his mumblings are only the rustling of a dried out leaf. He's dead now, and he died of excessive incarceration."

"Excessive incarceration? Now, could you tell me what that means?

"Well Sonny, it means too many calander's X'ed out and thrown away. It means too many empty Christmas Carols; the tinny, hallowed out sounds that blasted out someone else's happiness over the earphones. It means too many lonely nights - nights that were aching so much, like poison-filled sores. It means too many days that he had to limp through; his senses dulled by the boredom of prison routine. Too much, too many; until he created a fantasy of mind in which to live. And then he died. He is dead now; the victim of excessive incarceration, and he can never be brought back to life again. (mutt)

"Really built, wasn't she?"

The Criminal Offender

By Dr. Menninger–

A person convicted of having broken the law is, for the time being, at the mercy of a judge; and the judge must decide, usually without any information, where the convicted person goes next, what he does next, and what round-about course he may follow in his temporary removal from and the slow return to society.

Does the judge order the offender to make restitution in kind to the person injured? No! Does the judge draw any conclusions about the unhealthy neighborhood or precinct in which crime seems to be endemic? No!

Will the judge investigate the personality, the character, the strengths and the weaknesses of the offender? Will the judge be guided in making his decisions by any hint that the criminal needs counsel, or crutches, or a confessor? Most probably not.

The judge is not a doctor; he is not a sociologist; he is not a policeman; he is not a welfare man – he is a judge. He must act for the State in balancing the offense committed with the corresponding offensiveness to the State.

The offender may have been ruthless; he may have committed his crime without finesse, but he will receive his re-;ayment with formality and dignity. The judge will counsel the statute books and read the prescription.

Let us not be too hard on the judge, however. Most of the improvements that have been brought about in recent years have come because some judge just couldn't take it any more. He is really in a dreadful position, because he is expected to do the impossible. He is expected to know in advance just how much frustration and humiliation it is going to require to change the convicted offender into something better – or something worse.

There is usually nobody to help him, and in many instances he has only a few minutes to decide each case. He has very few alternatives; things are pretty well specified in the books. If he is an enlightened judge, operating in an enlightened State where something like an enlightened Penal Code is in effect, he may venture to suggest that the case be studied impartially by scientific experts, and a recommendation made to him as to

where the offender migh be sent for some kind of social handling which would effect a change in his behavior patterns.

At least it could be determined whether the offender is sick or senile, feeble-minded or frantic, meretorious or merely fatuous. Such a judge might allow himself to assume that if a person has done something wrong, there just might be something wrong with that rerson, or with the system in whixh he operates.

But in the vast majority of instances, the judge may not assume that, and he does not proceed accordingly. He must assume that the person who has been convicted of a crime in mentally and physically healthy, and is moreover willful and perverse - such that he did defiantly, aggressively, knowingly and imprudently violate the law. So by due process of law, this individual is convicted.

For such persons, there is a stipulated remedy. It has been established by law. Regardless of other factors relevant to the single act which has been pronounced criminal, there must now be an official ordering of punishment. The punishment must fit the crime, not the criminal, and the Legislature decided long ago how that fit was to be measured.

This is one place where the psychiatrist could and should come in. The facts have been decided; the guilt has been established. Now the question is: What can be done with this person? What is wrong with him? What is wrong with the environment in which he has been living? What is it that is over-taxing him? Why doesn't he behave like the rest of us? Why does he want to make everyone mad, at such great expense to himself as well as to us? Is he feeble-minded. Is he moronic? Is he blind with rage and, if so, what about? Is there a nail in his shoe, or a tumor in his brain.

It is often easy to dismiss such things by saying, "Oh he is just an evil, greedy fellow who wanted to get by without working!" But these are primitive judgements; the kind of judgements about human nature which gave rise to our present archaic system.

A tourist approached a beatnick in New York City and asked: "How do I get to Carnegie Hall?"
The beatnick looked the visitor up and down and replied with a grin: "Practice, man, practice."

Short Shorts *Mutt*

In Dallas a robbery suspect was noticed wearing a mini skirt and was trapped when they noticed his knobby knees, and less than delicate gait. He just couldn't make the grade.

In Canada two gurmen meshed up their own robbery and getaway, when one of them attempted to jump over a counter, caught his foot, and fell.

A terrible mistake was made by one burglar in Oklahoma. he busted thru the roof of one building, opened the door of another, and walked in on a town meeting.

One disgusted man was recently just "fed up" with being robbed three times in less than six months. He rigged up the well known "booby-trap" with a shotgun in the closet door. But - he forgot about it one night, opened the door and was reminded dramatically about the shotgun when it went off and shot him in the stomach and he wound up in the hospital.

In Bermuda a taxi cab driver snoozed away and was gently robbed of his wallet, watch, and his shirt. All while he was taking a siesta.

Car thieves in New York played it the hard way by first stealing the auto-registration certificate. They came back a week later and stole the cars battery. The following week they returned and removed the automible.

A couple of bandits in Florida robbed a man and his wife, tied them up and removed almost $10,000 in jewels and cash. Before they left, they told the couple, "Don't worry, we'll call the police." Odd as it may seem, they were called and they arrived in 10 minutes to free them.

Food was another much-taken article in recent months. In Leed, England, dozens of eggs were found missing from the front steps of homes. In Alabama, someone stole 15 lbs of ribs, 25 lbs of neckbones, 19lbs of bologna, 3 hams, 10lbs of franks, and a roast beef. In Baltimore , a burglar broke through 4 doors that had been nailed shut to steal a dozen hamburgers, (after first frying them). And in Nebraska, a thief broke into a diner, fried and ate a cheezeburger and some potators, then cut out.

Man's best friend made a bit of the crime news also, when in Tennessee, a purse-snatching pooch was nabbed with the goodies in his jaws, and another pot-licker was

found dragging a bank sack with $3,500 in it around the backyard. A burglar in Detroit, sped away from the scene of a crime so quickly that he lêft behind his dog. Nevertheless, pooch was picked up by the local good-guys, let loose and followed it to - his master's home. And, another "best friend," jumped up on the sofa where the victem slept, licked her face, and woke her up, screaming,and acaring off the would-be burglar in Washington.

DON'T STOP TO CROW!

Too many people boast at the wrong time and too often. Boasting seldom yields a profit or gains an advantage. A very successful business man once said he owed his success to a close study of his old rooster. That old rooster was a powerful fighter. He could fly higher, cut deeper, fight better than any other rooster in town. But he seldom won, even when matched against weaker roosters. His trouble was that right in the middle of a fight he would stop to crow.

Author Unknown

YOUTH *by Mutt*

I did select this article "Youth" as my editoral, but, changed my mind at the last moment, as this is going to be my very last attempt in writing articles of this nature. Trying to arrive at a sensible solution to this problem as many concerned individuals here at the Montana State Prison are becoming more aware of, and the nature of its seriousness.

The arrival of a vast number of our Youth!

The question being asked is; what is happening ot our youth? Why, are there so many of them getting into trouble? The thing that plagues most of those concerned is that:Many of these youths are confronted with serious charges- charges that could very well put them away for the rest of their natural lives. The result - bitterness, for the society that seems to have forsaken them.

So many of our youth, are not aware of the seriousness of their plight and this is because they are not aware of the consequences that are involved; and then, they take the threat of imprisonment as a joke.

Then, what is wrong? In my humble opinion our youth are reaching out for something new, and because they din't have the "know-how" in reaching out in a constructive, and sensible way, they reach out in a confused and desturctive manner. Many Social Workers, Psychologists, and Psychiatrists, have voiced their various discoveries on the problem of our youth of today, and they've spoken out on the parents, and their neglect to their children; such as the various type of invironments in which our youth are brought up in - the seperation of parents, and how this affects our youth: All this resulting in a comples situation.

Although, there are some parents who do not know how to answer the many challanging questions of our youth, when they do ask them in all seriousness. And the complicated results that happen when the wrong information is obtained. Then, there are the parents who are dead set in sticking to their old rigid ways of doing things. For a 15 or 16 year-old youth this type of situation creates frustrations and a desperate urge to escape: His escape is into the streets where he or she runs into hundreds of desperate and confused youths like them.-

selves

Many of our youngsters are dissillusioned, because for some unexplainable reason, their temporary failure is the result from - some said program. Where does the problem lie; is it among the youth themselves, or is this said program, geared for a particular - type of youth.

The social structure should encourage youth toward self-creativity.

The rigid parent and the adults must be made aware of the fact, that what was good for them in the yester-year is not necessarily good for our youth of today.

Give our youth, our leaders of tomorrow a chance to be themselves, and to be ordinary human beings.

"If he sticks that thing under my nose, he's going to get a legful of teeth."

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a lot like Jam; when you spread it, you usually end up getting some of it on yourself. It is also like an amoeba, it multiplies by division. True happiness may be sought, caught and taught, but it can never be bought.

From The
Warden's Office

In this particular edition of the MP News I have noted a great deal of interest and opinions concerning our disturbed youth and dissident students.

If one has been keeping himself up to date on the subject ofr the past few weeks, he will find there has been a great deal of information that has suddenly appeared in our news media.

First you will note the S.D.S. (Students for a Democratic Society) convened at a national convention. All public news media was barred from the convention hall. The convention finally came to a conclusion with two factions fighting for leadership. Both factions admitted the disturbances and riots they were involved in were Communist inspired. They also admitted they sent their strongest leaders to college campuses all through the nation in order to agitate the students, disrupt the classes and cause law enforcement as much trouble as possible.

It is also interesting to note that many of the "so called" McCarthy supporters who caused ninety percent of the trouble in Chicago, were members of S.D.S. Calling themselves McCarthy supporters was one way to get where the "action" was. From the action I saw on TV and the items I read in the newspapers, they certainly found it.

The Chicago police received a great deal of bad publicity because of the fact it was a bit difficult to distinguish the difference between a reporter and a beatnick member of S.D.S.

I expect a great deal of trouble from the disturbed youth, but you can bet your life it will be communist inspired.

EE/mm signed: Ed Ellsworth Jr., Warden

Here Comes the Judge!

There are some funny happenings in many courtrooms when the judge bangs down his gavel and the proceedings begin. For instance, in Rochester, New York, a jury aquited a man on a charge of illegal possession of a dangerous weapon after he testified that the blackjack police found in his desk was a momento given to him by his mother 19 years before.

An embarrassed driver in Tulsa, had his explanation all ready when the judge asked why he had smashed into the car in front of him. The driver explained the woman driver signaled for a right turn - ther did just that.

In New York, re-arrested on an old charge of escaping from a paddy wagon, an expert shoplifter screamed: "escape? Heck, I fell out and nearly got killed by all the traffic in front of the jail!"

Then in Dallas, charged with rifling the safe of the Farmer's Meat Market, a burglar explained to detectives, why he had padlocked the front door before he left: "I didn't want some thief to come along and steal all the man's meat."

In Nashville, another motorist, who showed up in court nine years late to face a drunken driving charge, explained his tardiness: "I was still drunk!"

One of the best explanations of the driver in Auburn, Indiana, charged with drunken driving who told the judge why his truck went through a farmyard, carommed off an automible and demolished 100 yards of fence.

"I always take this shortcut," he explained. (CII News

Many people are like whales, when they get to the top: they BLOW!

Three girls, English, American and French were asked this question: "What would you do if you found yourself the only girl marooned on an Island with a battalion of soldiers?" "I'd kill myself!" the English girl answered. "I'd go to the commanding officer and ask for protection" came the response from the American girl. "I understand the question," admitted the French girl, "But what seems to be the problem?"

From The OLD BUZZARD'S ROOST

by Mutt

And the way we go! We are trying to get the Governor to declare the Third Week in July as "Be Kind To "Mutt" Week"....I almost flipped my lid when Napee told me that the President, presented one of Jack's (Kochendofer) girlfriends with a beauty prize when she was sixteen-years-old. I didn't think Lincoln went in for that kind of stuff....I won't say that these mini-skirts are too short, but I know a kid who had to get elevator shoes just to hide behind his mother's skirt....Why should you be the only one to suffer? Send the MP News home and make them suffer too!...And then they all say that all men kill the thing they love most - and that's all very true. Lucky (Luckenbach) just killed a bottle of booze. ...I'm for progress - Two chickens in every pot, two cars in every garage, and two girls in every car....Oyster: A fish that's built like a nut....Everybody's mix-up these days, you don't know what to believe. If a girl doesn't like her figure, she lumps it. I had a girlfriend named April. I guess they called her April because she wasn't so hot....Last week, a fellow by the name of Leek, was telling me about his ex-wife. She's a resourceful old gal. One day she misplaced the tea strainer, so she used the fly swatter instead...In these days of mini-skirts, bikinis,and low-cut gowns, it takes real concentration for a man to look a woman in the eye. ...If you think I'm getting laughs now, jest wait until I meet with that Parole Board....I understand when Cloyce Little Light was in the free-world he spent so much money on wine, women, and song, he never had anything left for luxeries....A committee is a group of the unfit,appointed by the unwilling, to do the unnecessary. ...I'm not saying that Gerald Butterfly is a wild driver but when he puts his hand out it means just one thing; The window's open....For you hens' across the street! Never trust a man who says he's boss in his own house. He'll lie about other things too....Shotgun Wedding: A case of wife or death....Some people's finances are in

such a mess you'd think they were getting advice from Napee....It was rumored a few years ago, that Sonny Schenk once made quite a bundle of money putting outboard motors on floating kidneys....Oh yeah! That doggone girlfriend of mine is so blasted stupid, that she thinks that the St. Louis Cardinals were appointed by the Pope. Sorry about that, Sherry....And speaking of sherry, I feel pretty dat-blamed sorry for people who don't drink, because when they get up in the morning, that's as good as they're gorna feel for the rest of the day....I don't suppose you all heard about the two Hippies who refused and invite to take part in the broadcast of a soap opera....And ain't this the blasted truth: It seems a few years ago, down Texas way, Hips (Helleson) visited an army camp and it brought back a lot of old memories. He had dinner with the brass. They didn't trust him with the Silver....This is the straight scoop, fellas'! Our Deputy Warden James G. Blodgett is supposed to have an article in this issue of the MP News, so you all keep your peepers peeled....My lawyer knew a lot about criminal law too. Trouble was, he couldn't remember any of it....Oh boy! When Double-ought seven and one third, (Henderson) took his girlfriend for a walk one day and a cop came up to him and asked; "Did you report this accident."...Things happen that should never happen. Like this thief who stole 9,000 diapers, and the police said they were in a truck stolen from a parking lot. The diapers were clean anyway....No one can really bear a long prison sentence with patience. From the moment a person erters a prison, he severs the last link connecting him with human nature. Prison is the most secure place in the world; all the security anyone could want- but who wants it? Even the best of prisons can offer nothing but the stresses and strairs of an urnatural life of caged loneliness, without privacy....Our friend Century Brown claimed exemption from the draft on the grounds of defective eyesight. He brought along his wife to prove it too....The metallic age: When a man has gold in his teeth, silver in his hair, and lead in his pants....A woman became enraged in Wisconsin, because her husband kept falling asleep in front of the TV set. The other night she caught him asleep, tied him to his chair, hit him over the head with a hammer, and took their two children - and then cut out....Happiness is ordering $7.00 and getting $7.00. Happiness is finding

out a pill program paid what you thought it would. Happiness is reading a Dear John letter after amil call, and not being able to do anything about it. Happiness is sending a dress to the laundry and not being avle to wear it again. Happiness is getting a business letter that's friendly. Happiness is looking 20, being 39, and doing the last days of a ten-year sentence. Want to join the "In Crowd" come to the Montana State Prison.... Overheard Gene "Diamond" Grant say: "they don't need any fancy plans to start conjugal visiting here. Just ask the wives to bring pup tents during the compound visits. And then pray for rain!!..On a match book cover where some company back east will pay you $100 a week, just to wear shoes they give you. Hmmm - Wonder if the Parole Board will accept that as a Parole Plan....A local dairy has come out with some startling facts; about the health values of milk. They state that if you drink just one glass of milk for 1200 months, you will live to be a hundred years old....Whirleybird (Kirkland) finally made trusty again, and he's cooling his wings out at Rothe Hall,...Our big bad tough ole' Napee went to a tough grade school when he was a kid. The only holiday they celebrated was Dillinger's birthday....Unhappiness: Not knowing what you want, then killing yourself trying to find it....Flash! A report from the Laundry: Earl Leek Reporting! The boys' are very busy this month. Washing boys clothes and the staff. It is getting hot in the Laundry. One guy went home last month. I hope he makes it home alright. I get tired pushing my cart, especially when I got a load. (You fellas' ought to make the Staff wash themselves.) He who takes what isn't his'n runs the risk of going to pris'n. See Ya!!!!!! (mutt)

"What's on the menu, Dear?"

"All right! The psychologists say he has improper motivation and hostile environment coupled with genetic placidity — I say he's a bum!"

HAR & THAR

(PP) -Candy Barr sang four songs at the Texas Rodeo in Huntsville. She is the first former prisoner to return inside the walls as a guest performer.

A crowd of 25,000 applauded as Candy went through her act.

She was paroled in 1962, after serving three years of a 15-year sentence for possession of narcotics.

TOUGH VISIT

(PP) -Lovelace Thornton is serving a five-day sentence in the Richmond County Jail, all because he wanted to pay a "sisterly" visit to a prisoner of the Ohio Reformatory at Mansfield.

The 21-year-old arrived at the prison dressed in slacks sling pumps and a $275 wig. But an alert guard recognized the features as those of Thornton, a parolee of the reformatory.

Following his "unmasking," Thornton was arrested and charged with trespassing on the grounds of an institution.

PATROLMEN IGNORED TRANSPARENT BLOUSE

TULSA, Okla. (AP) -An amply endowed young woman sauntered into a Tulsa restaurant this week wearing a transparent vinyl blouse with nothing under it but he .

Three highway patrolmen were sipping coffee and chatting.

Conversation stopped. Someone coughed. Someone else dropped a cup of coffee.

Then the patrolmen made their move.

They slipped out the door and disappeared.

GIANT INCREASE IN DEATHS DUE TO NARCOTICS

PHILADELPHIA (AP) -Philadelphia Dist. Atty. Arlen Specter has reported a "giant increase" in deaths caused by overdoses in narcotics.

Specter said there are indications a growing number of young people are experimenting with drugs. A report by Dr. Joseph Spelman, city medical examiner, Specter said, showed there were 61 deaths in the first six months of 1968 in which traces of narcotics appeared in autopsies. Forty of these deaths were due to overdoses said Specter.

In all of 1967, Specter said, there were 44 deaths in which narcotics showed up in autopsies, and 29 of them

were due to overdoses, he said.

CRIME SCHOOL

NEW YORK (AP) -President-elect Richard Nixon said that the United States is operating a crime university, graduating more than 200,000 hardened criminals a year. When speaking in Nolin, Illinois, he promised "New leadership will break the vicious cycle that snares a first offender into a lifetime of crime."

As possible approaches of reversing what he was as a trend among former prison inmates, Nixon suggested that "job training,work release programs and half-way houses can correct men's lives and prevent future crimes from being committed."

Nixon said it's hard enough to catch and convict a criminal without bearing the added burden of finding him "a worse menace to society upon his release from prison. The prison must begin to turn out rehabilitated men." -via the Messenger

LANSING, (AP) -A constitutiona amendment to allow the death penalty for person convicted of sniping was introduced Wednesday in a joint resolution calling for a vote of the people at the general election.

==========PRISON JOURNALISM==========

One thing that's always noticable about prison journalism: Just pick up a penal magazine or paper at random and you can predict with fair certainty the morale of the institution it comes from.

If it has freedom of expression and few taboos in subject matter, if all opinions and views are tolerated however fuzzy or wrong the thinking behind them, you can be pretty sure the administration of that prison is confident of its place and working in harmory with the prisoners it keeps.

If, however, the publication shows the heavy hard of the front office, and devotes itself to banality an speaks of prison problems only in vague and timid generalities, you can bet that institution has its full share of bitter men and disturbed of icials-Atlantian.

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a set of rules;
And each must make, ere life be done,
A stumbling block, or a stepping stone.

—R. L. SHARPE

A Prison -- Two Views

by **John Burke**, Warden, Wisc. St. Prison

John and Mary belonged to a club that had for one for their morthly projects a visit to the State Prison. They made the visit, and now they think they know all about prisons because they have not only visited one, but they haveread about them in newspapers and seen and heard about them on television.

When John and Mary visited the prison, they saw the Ball diamond, the busy shops, and the men talking in the dining room. Everything was just about like they expected it to be.

Well a few years have passed; and this time, John, you are going to see arother prison. No, it's not an imagininary prison or a prison in another state; it's the same prison you went through on a visit, but now you will see it from a slightly different angle. You have been sentenced to prison.

No, Mary, this time you can't come with him. But don't worry; before it's over you too will learn a whole lot more about a prison than you know now. But now you will have to go back home; back to a home without a husband and back to children without a father.

And now, John, let's just step through this steel gate into the cellblock. Here we are! See how nicely the cells are arranged - 40 of them in a row and four rows stacked one on the other.

Notice how the fronts of the cells are barred? One-half of cell front is covered by a sliding barred door. Take a good look at the door, John, because doors like that play a big part in a prison. Just step inside. That's it. Now, we will just pul your door shut and lock it. Sit down on your bunk and look arourd.

Look at your cell, John. Take a real good look, because it's going to be your "home" for the next ten years! So you just settle down and be a good prisoner.

Mary? Now don't you worry about her. She will be all right. Besides, she can come to visit you once a morth: If she can find a way to get here.

You will notice, John, that your cell isn't at all the way it seemed that day you visited the prison. They do

seem a lot smaller from the inside, don't they? But it's probably just an optical illusion. You will get used to it in time - maybe. One thing you can depend on; either the narrowness of your cell won't bother you too much - or it will crush you.

You will notice that you can see out through the cell hall windows. True, you can't see very much; just the front of the messhall and a patch of sky - a tiny triangular patch of sky, But don't scorn that little patch of sky, John. Before you finish that ten years in here, that little patch of sky will mean a lot to you.

But let's get started on your ten-year journey, John. It isn't so bad, You might even get used to it in time. Why, you might even get a parole in five or six years, if you keep your record clean and keep your mouth shut. Anyway, with the good time you can earn, you can cut a year or two off your sentence. Now that's not too long, if you say it real fast!

See that man down the corridor there? He's been here 17 years, but society says that the weary pound of flesh it has taken from him isn't enough. He hasn't had a rule violation in all the yrars he has been here, and he is an expert carpenter. But he killed another man in a fight 17 years ago, and society branded him a dangerous criminal.

You ask what your chances are of getting a Parole in a few years? Frankly, they are rather slim. Three-fourths of the men here never get a parole. But who knows, you might be lucky. Better figure on serving your full sentence, John, and then you won't be disappointed.

Now, it's time for you to go to bed. You say You're not sleepy? Well, you don't have to go to sleep - you just have to go to bed. Nobody cares whether you sleep or not, as long as you keep quiet. You can lay on your bunk and wonder what Mary is doing. Just to cheer you up the odds are at least fifty-fifty that you will still have Mary at the end of your sentence. Sure, I know Mary is different. Every Mary is different. But ten years is a long time for a woman to wait alone.

And now John, you get a break - Mary is coming to visit you. No, you can't kiss her or touch her, But you can sit and look at her for awhile. You might tell her all that is in your heart - but you won't. You won't because there are other prisoners sitting right along side of you, and you don't want them to hear all the things

you would like to tell Mary. But anyway, you to to see her.

You got to see her brave little smile and you got to hear all the brave, pitiful things she saved up to tell you. That should cheer you up - shouldn't it? Anyway, you got to see her and that will give you something to think about for the next month.

This is a modern prison, John. Do you remember how you used to read and hear about how prisoners are being "PAMPERED" and "CODDLED" these days? Sure! In your little cell there is a real toilet, right there beside the head of your bunk. No old-fashioned cell buckets in here! And you even have a small wash bowl with two kinds of water - cold and running. That's an old prison joke, John. Isn't it funny!

But you'll get hardened up as time goes by. If you ever get to the point where Mary's visits upset you (if she's still visiting you, that is), you're going to have a rough time of it. In fact, if you don't raise a good, tough callous over your finer feelings, you may wind up hanging from the bars or screaming at the walls of your cell.

Well, it isn't too bad, now that you've been here a couple of years, is it? The world you used to know is beginning to fade, and this prison world is beginning to fade, and this prison world is beginning to seem sort of natural. It is as if your past life was nothing but a dream.

A man can get used to almost anything in time. After all, you still have your dreams don't you? No, I guess not. Your dreams have turned out to be nothing but soap bubbles, because Mary filed for divorce this morning. Surely, you weren't too surprised, John? You and Mary had become almost complete strangers, and it has been years since you as much as held her hand.

Well, John, your ten years have finally gone by and it's time for you to take your last march in prison - the march out the front gate. Remember that long-ago day when you went through here as a visitor? It only took you an hour to walk in and walk back out again. Nothing to it! But this time it took you ten years, didn't it, John? Funny how different was the prison you saw as a visitor!

As a visitor, you saw the ball diamond, the busy shops and the men talking in the dining room - just as you ex-

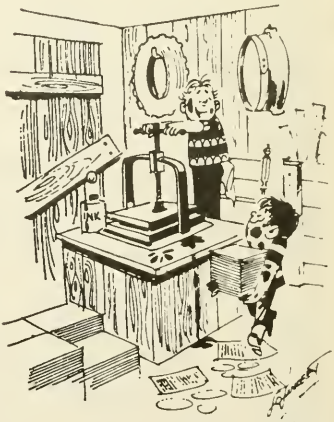
pected it to be. But when you started to live here, it was different. You saw the heartbreak, the sorrow, the dispair. You saw men working away at meaningless tasks for years on end. You saw hope fade from men's eyes as they faced a hopeless future behind bars.

You heard a lovely voice on the radio singing "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and you didn't feel too good becuase that was your mother's favorite song, before she died last year. Your mother became sick and died, and you were in here, unable to raise a finger to help her.

But now, John, you have finally "paid your debt to society." You are free! But your life will never be the same again. Where ever you go, you will be forever branded with the label: EX-CONVICT.....

"They tell me you started o in the stockroom... How abo giving me a hand?"

"PLEASE. STOP ARGUING LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHAT YOUR TROUBLE IS!"



"I wonder how many copies of my sister's diary we can sell?"

SPORTS NEWS

Jerry McGivern

The inside "A" Team has gotten off to a great start this year in both slow pitch and fast pitch. In their slow games they have an average of 25 runs a game. They have had only two close games in league play, winning one game by 3 runs (10-7) and losing one by 5 runs (18-13) with the loss going 11 innings. This loss was to Barmont, the top team in the league up to now. The "A" Team has a 5-1 win loss record in league play and 8-1 overall.

In fast pitch the "A" Team has a 3-1 record, losing one game to Hofbrau of Anaconda by a score of 9-8. The "A" Team is averaging 13.75 runs per game in fast pitch.

These are the top six batters. There are other players with high averages, but I will just show the top six.

GP	Player	AB	RBI'S	Hits	Home Runs	AVE.
9	Woods	38	27	26	4	.684
9	Baldwin	36	18	23	2	.639
8	Dale	30	8	19	0	.633
9	Doney	35	12	20	0	.571
9	Yelloweyes	37	32	21	7	.568
9	Toms	41	37	23	14	.561

The lowest average for a steady player is .286 so this proves the team has good hitting and scoring power. There has been a total of 37 errors made by the team. These are not listed at this time. Later in the season they will be added to the list.

Fast pitch

No averages for fast pitch have been included because of the lack of games played.

Slow Pitch

Team	Runs	Team	Runs
K.H.#1	14	Inside	30
Ana. J.C.	12	Inside	30
Ana. J.C.	19	Inside	32

Con't. on page 41

The Indian

People have a way of misrepresenting the American Indian; like classifing us in the groups of the Negro, the Puerto Ricans and the poor White.

We're not in any of these groups, our nation was here first, from the east coast, to the west coast, north and south. They fought us, they slaughter us, course, we did a little damage too. It took them a couple of centuries to get what they wanted - the Negro, the Puerto Ricans and the poor whites.

They tood our old people, put them on reservations like the desert, the swamps, and mountains where no game was. They thought they were doing us a favor, feeding us cattle after they killed all the buffalo. All we wanted was to be left alone, but the old saying was, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Now those groups of people, the foreignors, are having troubles and prlblems. They want to get the Indian involved. We didn't need no help but we fought with all our heart and our pride for our children and the future and we're still fighting today for better colleges, schools, hospitals and housing for the Indian instead of teepees, to build up our reservations for the tourists; like the Negro, the Puerto Ricans and the poor White.

Sure we have our jailbirds, our drunks, our poor people like the landless Indian, but the Negro, the Puerto Ricans and the poor Whites have a greater percentage than we do, the Indian.

But what hurts us the most is that they rate us in the same as them. We're proud people, the proudest this U.S.A. has ever seen. After they beat us we still fought for our land. In World War I, World War II, the Korean War, now in VietNam, we're a small nation and stand alone from any other race, but my God we do our share to keep peace in the U.S.A. We cry on nobodys shoulder.

The young couple looked disappointed when the judge told them it would take at least two days to get a marriage license.

The groom had a bright idea. He turned to the judge and asked, "Can't you just say a few words to tide us over the weekend!"

COTTONWOOD UNION SCHOOL

To say that to get ahead today, one must have a good education, world be to say what is said thousands of times a day by educators, employers, counselors, and parents.

Trite though the expession may be --- let's think about it a minute. If you are the typical inmate, your education is not complete, and as you probably already know, one of the most popular areas of discussion in job-interviews is that of education.

What do you have to tell your prospective employer during such an interview?

Perhaps in the past you have had to tell him "Well, I went the first half of the ninth grade,"; or maybe "I quit after the eighth grade." In fact, a recent survey of the records show that about 50% of the inmates here at M.S.P. have less than an eighth grade education.

Must you tell him this upon your release? Not necessarily!

One of the most advantageous programs here at M.S.P. is the school. In the school program, one may obtain instruction in any grade from 1 through 12.

Grades 1 through 8 are known as Adult Basic Education here at Montana State Prison.

Through help from the Federal Government, this part of the school program has come from next to nothing, to one of the best (if not the best) in the state of Montana.

Two civilian teachers are employed in this area. Lucky teachers they are too! They have the most modern and up-to-date teaching aids available.

Such things as slide projectors and overhead projectors for general instruction. Bell and Howell language masters, utilizing taped material on the language principle for instruction in general grammar and communication skills. Also, a controlled reader to help the student to improve his reading ability, and other books available, all of which makes teaching and learning much easier than before.

Even though this much progress has been made, the school personnel are still not satisfied, and are constantly on the alert for ways to improve this program.

Men in this area are allowed to work at their own pace and advance as rapidly as they can. By the same token, if one runs into something difficult for him, he may spend as much time as is needed to master the subject.

Upon completion of this program, the inmate has earned an 8th grade diploma from the County Superintendant of Schools in Powell County.

Then he is ready to advance into the high school program. We have an accelerated High School Program, employing three civilian teachers, which enables a man to earn his high school diploma in just 12 months, by buckling down, and passing all subjects taken in a period of four semesters.

Subjects available for study in the high school program are those most generally found in other high schools, with the exception of chemistry and foreign language.

However, in addition to the regular academic subjects offered, instruction is offered in such areas as drafting, mechanical drawing, etc.

Upon completion of the high school program, the inmate earns a High School diplome from the State Department of Public Instruction signed by the superintendent of In struction for the state.

In addition to these two diplomas, the inmate may earn a General Educational Development Certificate (G.E.D.) by meeting the requirements of the state for this certificate.

The school is a regular assignment, and the inmate has many benefits while assigned to the school. One of them being that this is the one place in the institution, above all others, that the inmate is working solely for himself, rather than for the institution. He also earns 3 extra dayx per month "Good Time", and although school attendance is not a sure "shot" at the parole board, there is no better way to convince the board that you are trying to help yourself than by attending school.

Upon your release, the improved education that you acquire while in prison paves the way for better paying and more desirable jobs, as well as numerous opportunities to further your education through local, state and federally sponsored education programs.

Take just a few minutes to think about the advantages that I have just outlined for you; can you think of that many dis-advantages? If you cannot, and I don't think you can, then why not give school serious consideration? If you have to be here anyway, why not leave a better man than when you came?

I think it can be said safely that how you use the time while you are in prison may make the difference between freedom and re-incarceration. In short, when you start using time, and not being content to just do it, chances are that you will stay out of prison. And there is no better way to use time than to further or complete your education.

If, after you have given the idea of attending school a serious consideration and have decided that you want to give school a try, send an interview request to Mr. R.L. Field, Director of Education.

Interviews will be held the week of September 15, and the new semester begins on the 22nd of September. So hurry.....It's time for BACK TO SCHOOL!

K.P. #2	1	Inside	23
Merchants	4*	Inside	26
J.C's	7*	Inside	10
Marigold	3*	Inside	38
Garrison	9*	Inside	23
Barmont	18 *	Inside	13

FAST PITCH

TEAM	RUNS	TEAM	RUNS
Steelworkers	4	Inside	16
Carmels	7	Inside	11
Lothe Hall	4	Inside	19
Hofbrau		Inside	9

*League Games

FASTEST MAN ALIVE

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (AP) -Anastocio Vargas, 75, imprisoned for murder in 1929 and freed three years later when another man confessed the crime, has collected $22,000 in damages from the state. A recent special session of the legislature got around to appropriating the money.

NO HALFWAY GIFT

Becaue they credit Joseph Ider, Sioux Indian inmate at Deer Lodge Prison, with originating the idea for Half way House, residents of the local halfway house were proud this week to receive the gift of a colorful painting of Ider in full Indian headdress. It was done by another inmate, H. Fuller, and given to Ider, who also gave the first $75 toward establishment of the home where "dry" alcoholics can live while trying to get a new lease on life. Mrs. Stanley C. Raye, secretary of Halfway house board of directors straightens the photo on the day room wall. Ider, formerly of the Fort Peck area, says he began writing to public officials and others is 1963 about the value of halfway houses for released prisoners and others after alcoholism treatment. (Staff Photo) Great Falls Leader, Great Falls, Montana. 4/11/69.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Joe Ider has an offer to work as a contact man with the Probation Officer in the Great Falls area, and also as a representative of the Halfway House. This was the word received from Rev. Jack Albanese, Chaplain for the prison on May 19, 1969. Joe also went out in the free world, via the discharge route, on June 30, 1969.

America Paradox Phase 2

by Joseph Hunsinger

Up to and until recent inovations caused mostly by student unrest "education" or miseducation has been largely pseudo in that it has, in the past, stipulated unto our youth. What to think - but not how to think. Thusly, miseducated is infinitely worse than uneducated (like primitive people) for it presents our youth with an unrealistic choice; either accept or stay out; con form or rebel. Thusly, I see more involvement of our youth in more revolutionary action =for where else can they go for the imperative need for change with the changing times? Had our youth been granted their Legal an Constitutional Right to peaceful assembly and parade as they had sought for weeks, but which was denied them; then the outstanding and ensuing outrage of a Riot as correctly designated by the Walker Report (Federal) need neve have happened. The unctuous polititican merely pays lip service to "Change" - but when change appears on the street they beat it with a club. No wonder our youth instinctively distrust their"leaders." Dr. Eugene Carson Blake (WCC) said: "Untold harm will be done if the Church condemns our anti-war and dis senting youth without holding adult society responsible for creating the very environment and social malaise in which our youth must live."

Follows just one more phase of the American parados, both fantastic and imcomparable: Every scheme, every plan, every proposal we have thus, far devised <u>against</u> the mutiney of our youth, has served no other purpose than to aggravate and increase it.

They lack the intellect to understand that to sand-papwe the voil on the neck of our young people is both an outrage and a self-defeating clamity. I firmly aver that there is <u>nothing</u>, absolutely nothing, which does not in an obdurate fashion, compel or seek to compel <u>our</u> youth to conform, to adjust, to submit, to become meek, submissive - and thusly easily regi ented. This conspires to destroy every shred, every scintilla of good old rugged irdividualism which this Republic was founded on. One has c pseudo-

education, pseudo-religion, pseudo-psychology, pseudo--social work, pseudo-philosophy, recreation and even pediatrics. Each is infused with the rot-producing idea that salvation of society and the individual depends on conformity - and more conformity. This is the very soil in which psychopatic man and masses takes root and grows. This is exactly what transpired in the Third Reich and just prior to the demise of all the mighty empires of the past, it has been characteristic of most of the people of those Empries to surrender in a uupine manner to the pressures put on them by their psychopatic, power-mad leaders; at other times by soporifics such as Johnson, Rostow, Rusk, et al; or by their religious "leaders" so-called. The outstanding exceptions, of ciurse, being John XXIII and Paul VI as exemplified in their splendid encylicals Pacem and Populorem.

In the latter encylical Paul VI quite properly excoriates "our Imperialism of money" as completely responsible that "hope is fading for courtless millions in Latin America alone. Man must meet man, nation must meet nation as brothers and sister; without one group making progress at the expense of the other; the duty of social justice (where is it?) and "complete humanism" - (Viet Nam?) and finally Paul warns: "the future of the world stands in peril, unless wiser men are forthcoming; the earth and all it contains is for the use of every human being and people; St. Ambrose makes it clear: "You are not making a gift of your possessions to the poor, you are handling over to him what is his, for what has been given in common for the use of all; You have agroated to yourself. The world is given to all-not only to the rich. No one is justified in keeping for his exclusive use what he does not need when others Paul VI warns; "The right to property must never be exercised to the detriment of the common good which sometimes demands their expropriation," Will, we conform?

And yet, in this sad and precarious era of public apathy and social decay, hardly anybody including the Ecclesiastical leaders themselves have paid any attention to the most precious gems of wisdom extant on the academic scene i.e. Pacem by John XXIII and Populorem by Paul VI, conversely and sadly I reluctartly admit that there are those addicted with Churchianity who actually inveigh against these masterpieces. Thusly, the Police

state replete with concen' ation camps and a totalitarian atmosphere may soon be a reality. Protest and dissent will be outlawed; submission will be chief of all virtues; rugged individualism by word or act will be a cardinal sin. However, since it is not the human nature of man to submit, since it violates his human instinct to exchew protest, an intolerable tension arises within him - so he rebels within the confines of his own conformity. Then follows the definite nexus twixt a compelled conformity and the ensuing, irreparable and damaged, or even a weakened ego; no more than they can rectify the six degrees which our Planet Earth has been jarred off its axis by H-bombs. I can only surmise that once you vitiate that mass ego, why we have had it - but good!

Two Greek words - demos krace (democracy) people Rule. The only catch is they just don't, one illustration is the Electoral College; more than one man who won the popular vote has been rooked out of the Presidency by the Electoral College, so it is taxation without representation which is why our Thirteen colonies fought the British.

Another good illustration is the extreme discrimination in the tax structure. Former IRS Director Ira Caplan said: "Of 200 U.S. Millonaires at least 51 enjoy a net annual income of $200,000 or more, but do not pay one cent of income tax. If they were to pay their fair share the tax burden on the average U.S. citizen would be cut in half"- Maybe so, so my relevant question is simply. Since the tax laws are obviously so discrininatory, why is just one Bureaucrat Wilbur Mills (Ways and Means) allowed to write said tax laws????

179 years ago, Prof. Tytler, Univ. of Edinburg "A democracy cannot exist as a permanent form of government. It can only exist until the voters discover that they can vote themselves largesse out of the public treasury. From that moment on the majority always votes for the most benefits from the public treasury, with the result that a democracy will always collapse from a loose fiscal policy (burden of large public debt) always to be followed by a dictatorship."

Offered for its face value, but I must admit that the ratio of military appropriations to welfare "largesse" runs about 100 billion to one, unless my memory errs. sans civility there can be no civilization (Goethe, ac

we have it?

Browning, Montana: A "suicide epidemic" on the Blackfeet Reservation 4½ times the national average among Indian youth from 14 to 21 years, according to Don Berg (Clinic Director) who states the problem thusly:

"Kids are discouraged verbally and subtly against making anything of themselves and part of the reason is tacism. It is Government policy to create a "Red Ghetto."

It is no surprise to me that they have problems when they are isolated and treated as sub-humans. If somebody keeps telling you that you are no good long enough: Why, sure as hooting you will turn out to be no good."

I see this as merely the culmination of a long epoch for broken treaties, unkept promises and mistreatment of the Indian People tho the BIA has made improvements in some areas; still too little has been done-and too late.

Subsequently, attitudes have hardened and hearts have grown cold so that reason and logic no longer prevail; and sadly, this is exactly the climate which engenders the prelude to violence. The above quote by Mr. Don Berg(white) is lamentably true and since it is true, it establishes the definite premise that we do not have an Indian problem or a Negro problem at all; it has been clear to me way back over the decades that we do have a white problem. The white middle-class ghetto mind now decries violence on the part of the negro as tho it were something new - mind you! The only thing new which I discern is the negro merely imitating what the whiteman has been doing for centuries, and now they want to shoot the looters after the whites shot their way west with booze, Bibles and guns; and they have been shooting and killing each othere ever since. For the sake of juxtaposition let's put the guns in the hands of the Indians and go back about two centuries! On whose faces would be the chagrin? By some strange twist of rhetoric they even manage to some how eulogize the butchery of the Alamo and at the same time to denigrate Santa Ana. How crass and callow can we be? Followed four years of the bloodiest fratricide in all history, in a Civil War where whites slaughtered whites mostly over loot. I can only aver that the South was almost 100% right on the moral issue alone, and I happen to be a 100% Northerner. Even so did we learn any lesson from all this insane butchery? Apparently not, for about two centuries later

we got into WW I and WW II; where once again whites butchered whites and in which the white "christian" Bishops on both sides urged them on to more ferocity, more bestiality and ever more papacity. In WW II alone only thirty-five millior souls perished before the God of profit, or loot! And still do we learn? Well, apparently not for here, we are once again, embroiled in a fiendish gernocide 8000 miles from San Diego in the most unpopular war of our entire history. However, something hopeful has at last emerged in the American conscience, our splendid disserting youth.

The United States cannot rely on maximum force, at home or abroad, to counter revolutionary movements. This maximum is closed to us unless we wish to commit national suicide, recent events both here at home and Viet Nam prove this contention. The e is only one sane approach to this serious problem. The police and military must stand in the middle, between demorstrators and the extreamists of the Establishment opposing change, and they must protect everybody, equally and imrartially. To the doubting Thomas who scoffs at such moderation, I suggest that this sane approach has worked well in more than one sense and terse confrontation. The police stood in the neutral center permitting both sides to demonstrate, communicate and eventually to resolve their differences. This also did function very well when the U.N., forces stood positioned between Arabs and Israelis in the Sinai Desert; you know what happened when the U.N., withdrew.

Lyndon B. Johnson said, "I cannot rule over a house divided" as he delivered his resignation; yet, who was it but Johnson, Tostow and Rusk who divided that house by unwise intervention or the side of a moribund status quo, both at home and abroad? I repeat that, given the ideals and social structure of these United States, it cannot hope destroy by sheer maximum force a movemret of revolutionary change without first destroying itself.

I am profundly concerned by what others think of us; if we could only see ourselves as others see us. Here is a British lady returning home: "American men are slobs; American women are the most vulgar, over-dressed, overbearing females on the face of the earth; your children are insufferable, brash, undisciplined and clearly in control of their parents. Your newspapers are frightfully trashy; your TV programs cater to the lowest com-

con't

mon denominator; the commercials are quache' and unappetizing; your radio programs assult the eardrums and are designed for idiots; your motorists are 80% suicidal and 20% homocidal; your once beautiful countryside is fast disappearing behind hideous billboards, orange and green neon signs. America which advertises itself as the most prosperous and progressive country in the world is culturally bankrupt. The movies which do well are nothing but peep-hole sex shows. The fine books do not sell; the excellent plays do not survive. Opera is drawing its last breath. Your museums adn art galeries are tombs of silence but your bowling alleys,go-go joints and bawdy houses are doing a thriving business. Drunks and degenerates are everywhere. Now that I have wasted one whole year here I will return to England and advise all my friends who long to visit America, to save thier time and money."

There is still more of this diatribe by the British lady, some of it unprintable, but in spite of the heavy cant to the negative, I reluctantly admit that some of these charges are lamentably, true - others partially true; and some are just plain false.

I ruefully admit that my American pride is hurting; for I don not like or respect this kind of a "woman", or her ilk, for this woman is a shrew or termagant. From my sojourn in Britain, I know she could find a plethora of "drunks and degenerates" plus incest and everything else right in the middle of her highly touted Cliveden set; for British society is not 100% impeccable, tho the British Courts and Law system are close to it. A British Barrister for the Crown (prosecuting Attorney) is above reproach for he will lean over backwards to prove you innocence as well as your guilt. However, the infamous Stake Hill Detention Camp (Near Aldershoot) besides their terrible Wormwood scrubs do not leave this British lady much to crow about. The nightmare of the Nazi's lidice was certainly equalled by Britian's Becasi and Amritsar - or America's Hiroshima and Viet Nam. All super-powers are tainted with dark stains; Soso Dugashvili (Stalin) butchered three million Kulaks (landed peasantry) without cracking a smile.

In sharp contrast to the British shrew I find the following most truthful and courteous, so most assuring is the constructive crituque of our Australian, Canadian, and Hindu friends. Toss Terrel (Assie) "America should

realize that it is nonsense for it to feel threatened. To most of us non-Americans, the fact that America, the world's most powerful nation, feels threatened is hard to understand. Americans don't understand why other countries feel threatened by the U.S. - yet to most Asians the American menace or white peril is a terrible reality.

Gary Warren (Canadian) "The American arrogance and feeling of superiority disappoints and disillusions me terribly; to impose upon others a will they do not want (as is Viet Nam) is a morla evil I cannot stand and I do not think many foreign people can. America should obey Pres. Kennedy's irtent to strive for a world safe for diversity. Pres. Johnson fiercely opposed Kennedy's policy and, in so doing, alienated most of the world."

Poilail George (India) "You still practise obsolete thinking by saying; You poor heathens out there, and we pure christians, if you just only change to our ways why things will be all right. After hiroshima and Viet Nam, nothing could be more insulting; you are still very imperialistic but your dissenting, friendly students are truly wonderful. I was rabid anti-American before I met them but by their honesty in dissent they usurp my former role of hating America. They are your only hope; blemm them!"

Rothe Hall Sports

Gene Grant

I really didn't have time to get an article ready, as a matter of fact, the Editor sent word to me and said that there wasn't any space left for my story, then at the last minute the Big Chief comes to my Teepee and informs me that there is a vacant page, and tells me to hurry and get a sport's story to him, so here we go.

Since you have last heard from us we have had 4 more game's, winning one and losing three, the inside lucked out along with the D.I. Merchants and we lost a close one to N. Timber, our only victim was the D.I. Jaycee's.

Last week all of the games were rained out, but we will be busy making up all of the games in the near future. We beat a team 32 to 6 (but I don't want to mention the team's name) in a parctice game, I only have this to say, "we sure have a good team Charlie Brown." Here is how the batting has been going. con't

NAME	T.A.B.	HITS	AVE.
Dewer	28	17	.607
Dan Matt	24	14	.583
Grant	41	22	.536
Ford	28	12	.428
Azure	24	10	.412
Van Nuland	34	14	.410
Babbit	36	11	.305
Boyer	32	9	.281
Michel	8	2	.250
Old Bull	14	3	.214
Wilson	17	3	.176
Hays (Legs)	13	2	.154

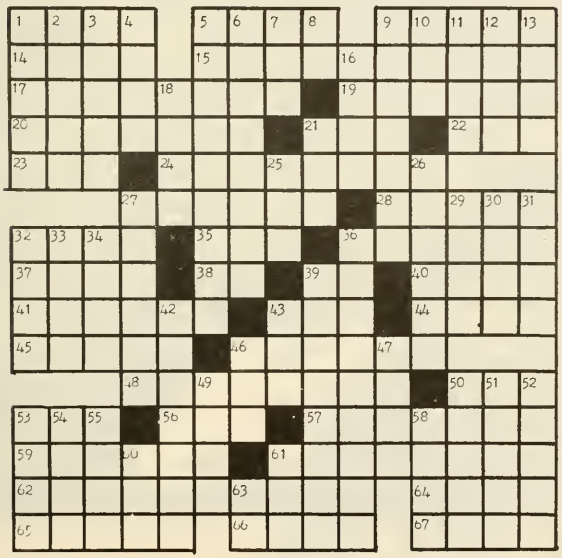
EDITOR'S NOTE: If it had not been for the Censorer you would not have had a page. So remember the 15th is the deadline for all articles.

"This is one month I don't mind waiting for the bus!"

• "Speed? Man, there's not been a horse on this ranch in ten years that could beat him to the feed box."

Across

1. Defile
5. Pitcher
9. Ointment
14. Within
15. A deputation
17. Almost full (two words)
19. Black alloy
20. Chum
22. Guided
23. Noah's boat
24. Having lips
27. Delay
28. Artifices
32. Polo, e.g.
35. Diamonds, sl.
36. Wily
37. Winged
38. Exclamation
39. Fighter plane, abbr.
40. Persia
41. Requite
43. New England bird
44. Elongate fish, pl.
45. Site
46. Rained
48. Having morals
50. More than one, abbr.
53. Unit
56. Viscous liquid
57. Foes
59. German
61. Toothless
62. Pine, Cypress, e.g.
64. Snarl
65. See 57 across
66. Reptiles
67. Turf, sward, e.g.



Down

1. Columbus' ship
2. Close, (poetic)
3. Pile
4. Kind
5. Knowledge
6. Kind of burner
7. Appendage
8. Note
9. Carpenters, e.g.
10. Dined
11. Small brook
12. Apportion out
13. Smooth (Scot.)
16. Insect
18. Rasp
21. Mat
25. Anger
26. Obligated
27. Summer shows
29. Certain
31. Japanese coin
32. Pikelike fish, pl.
33. Man's name
34. Husband, wife, e.g.
36. Consciousness
39. Messed up (two words)
42. Amend
43. Swab
46. Cat's sound, (var.)
47. Paradise
49. Speed
50. Grand
51. Found in classifieds
52. Employers
53. Not twice
54. Midday
55. Sea eagle
58. Lease on prop., abbr. pl.
60. Dull
61. Goddess of dawn, (Gr.)
63. Sun god (Egypt.)

J.Harned

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